

# Good Morning 701

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Northern Notes

**THE** King and Queen paid a the Royal privilege had never one-day Victory visit to Edinburgh. The people of the Scottish capital gave them a great welcome, but the weather was wretched, incessant rain all day.

Because of this the crowds were particularly pleased when the Royal party, which included the two Princesses, dispensed with their car at St. Giles' Cathedral and walked from the cathedral across to the City Chambers in the High Street.

Their Majesties did an extensive circular tour of the city and suburbs, but the folk who turned out to see the King and Queen and their daughters were disappointed, for they but caught a glimpse of Royalty in a closed car that hurried past in the rain.

During the visit a kilted small boy committed a "serious" offence by standing at the gateway of the Palace of Holyrood House and waving a small Scottish Lion Rampant flag as the Royal car entered the courtyard.

For such an act the lad might have been beheaded, that is, unless Sir Francis J. Grant, Lord Lyon King of Arms, has changed his ruling anent the Lion Rampant.

Sir Francis declared some years ago that the flag was the personal property of the Sovereign and that the law imposing death upon all who infringed

### SCOTTISH NATIONAL PARKS

**PLANS** have been announced for setting aside some 1,870 square miles of Scotland's beauty spots as National parks. Areas have been selected and considered suitable by the Scottish National Parks Survey Committee. The areas selected in order of preference are as follows: Loch Lomond and Trossachs, 320 square miles; Glen Affric, Glen Canpich and Strath Farrar, 260; Ben Nevis, Glencoe and Black Mount, 610; Western Cairngorms, 180; Loch Torridon, Loch Maree and Little Loch Broom, 500.

### ON THE AIR.

**THE** recent coming of age of the B.B.C. in Edinburgh recalls an amusing incident not long after the opening when, to mark the centenary of Edinburgh Fire Brigade, an "illustrated" talk on the radio was given by (then) Firemaster Portage.

All went well until the "fire" was reached. The hose was out, instructions were heard being given, as was the crackle of flames.

Then came the sound of running feet, a stumble, and an exasperated voice, "Damn that blasted hose."

In the studio the Firemaster's face was a study and the studio audience was convulsed with laughter.

## Talk of Buckets for E.R.A. Jack Smith

**FOR** you, E.R.A. Jack Smith, of 76, Sutherland Street, Barrow-in-Furness, we called round one afternoon to see your wife, Rene, and found her as busy as usual, after her trying time at the shop.

Sheila's grown into a big girl, Jack. She looks very well indeed and send all her love to you as always. She and Mrs. Smith had been to a party on VE-Day in Chester Street. It was a wonderful do, as everyone had ice-cream, jellies, cakes and pop, and loads of other good things.

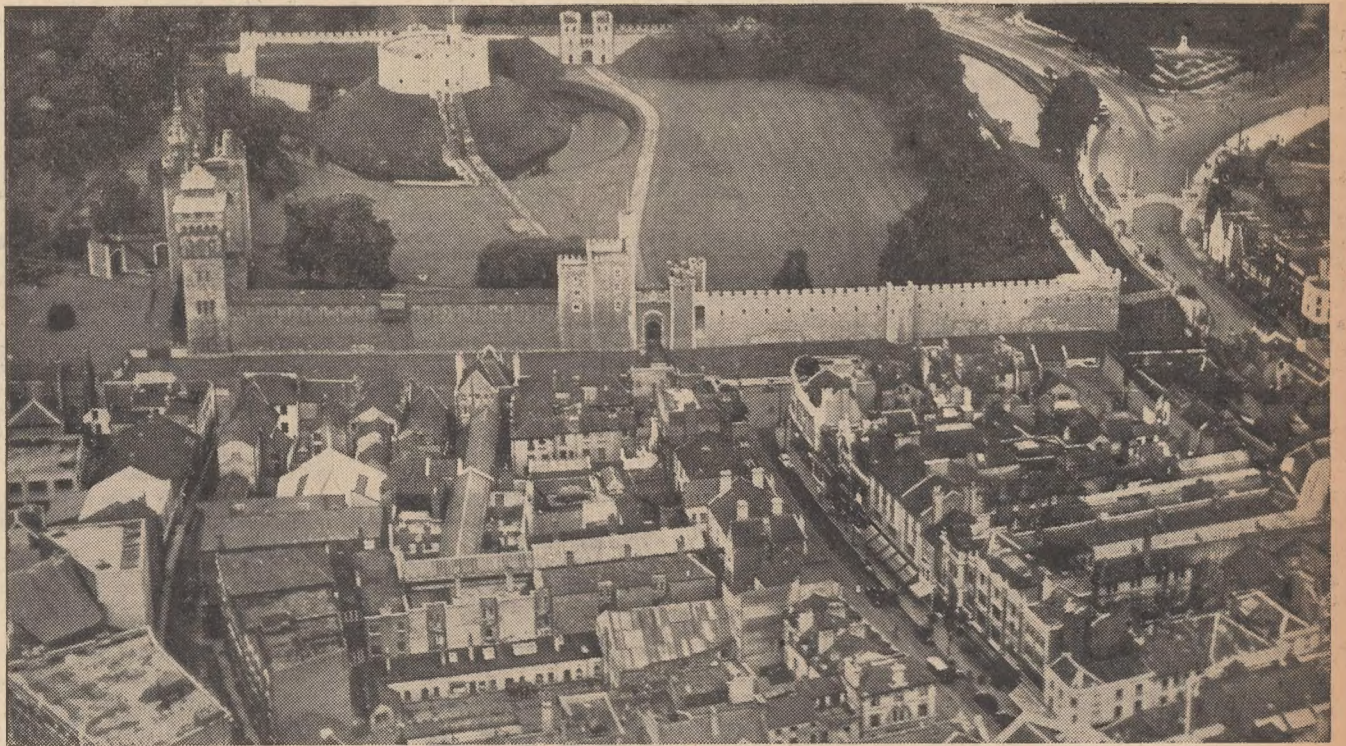
Incidentally, your wife spent most of her time standing in

Ernie's field washing up dirty pots in a bucket. And that's not the only bucket she's used lately—Oh! dear no—she's been helping Sam to decorate the house—slapping the walls with creamy colour . . . and very nice, too, if we might add.

Gracie, from Glasgow, got herself engaged to one of the Brown boys. Good luck to them both.

Your mother is looking very well and is trying to keep your garden ship-shape for your return. She is kept very busy on committees of various types, but she still finds time to do a spot of elbow work in the garden.

# CARDIFF



It is a virile city, this Cardiff, the centre of everything Welsh. It has movement and colour, beauty and squalor. It is a friendly city — even to the foreigner from England. It has made the people of many races at home within its bounds, and it opens its arms to the seamen who give it its place among the great cities of Britain.— By D. N. K. BAGNALL.

**I** HAD been staying for the week-end in Somerset, and I arrived, lugging a suitcase, a portable typewriter and a hold-all, breathless, on Bristol station to see the 3.10 South Wales train drawing out of the platform. It was important that I should catch that train. And I wasn't going to.

And then, to my amazement, the train slowed down, hesitated and finally stopped with the rear coach just overlapping that long platform. With the cry of a hunter whose prey has escaped, only to be caught in a thorn-bush, I dashed up the unending platform, brushing aside porters, inspectors and mere civilians—reached the end coach and, as the train started up again, a door flew open and a strong arm stretched out to drag me into the corridor.

"You nearly missed the train, man," said a voice.

**He missed the point. It was more of an occasion than that. I had missed trains many times; but this was the first time I had ever caught a train which had once got away from me.**

From the carriage behind my back, as I stood panting in the corridor—for the train was crowded—came the sound of girls talking in soft, lilting speech. And by my side two dark, stocky men spoke in rapid sing-song, with intense faces.

And I knew that though I was still in England, I was travelling in Wales. The Welsh are always either talking or singing. Their singing does not pall.

**When we reached Cardiff, the train spilled its contents: I was in a strange land.**

Cardiff is the centre of everything Welsh. It is the Welshman's business centre, educational centre, shopping centre, amusement centre. And that evening, walking up St Mary-street, and along Castle-street, and Queen-street, I well believed it. It seemed to me that every Welshman in the Principality had come to Cardiff that day. But I was told that there were, indeed, many more in the mountains and valleys—and that it was a fact that there were some who had never been to Cardiff. But this, I did not believe.

The pride of Cardiff is its Civic Centre. It is merited

pride. It is a fine place. And in local government, the leading men of Cardiff (and of Wales) have set a remarkable example of foresight and judgment, backed by organisation.

But it is the docks which have made the city and given it its place.

It is strange to think, walking through those house-crammed streets of the dock area, or viewing that stupendous sight, the docks themselves (200 acres of them), that but for the fact that men once built a harbour, here at the mouth of the Taff river, Cardiff might well be a small seaside town, like Porthcawl or Tenby.

What the Welsh have lost in beauty they have gained in commerce. Cardiff is Britain's third largest port, handling, in normal times, something like 7,300,000 tons of ocean-going and coast-wise shipping. Cargo vessels from all over the world unload at its docks, bringing the men of all races under the sun in their crews.

Some of them stay. Over the centuries they have formed their own community within the dockland area, so that in knocking on the door of a house in Bute-street, or round about, you may find yourself accosted by anyone from a Chinaman or Arab to a South-Sea Islander.

You are in Cardiff's China-Town, compressed into a comparatively small area. You are in one of the most colourful streets in the world—from the point of view of skin-deep "beauty."

Dock workers or merchant sailors—or keepers of shops, pubs., or lodging houses—they are mostly willing exiles from lands where the sun shines more fiercely and more often than in the city of the Welsh.

### FROM EVERYWHERE.

You cannot but be aware that Cardiff is a great port, even in the city's centre. Seamen from all over the world walk its streets. During war-time this was more than ever evident. American seamen had one of the finest Hostels on either side of the Atlantic in a large hotel in the city. And they didn't lack amusement. They danced with some of the prettiest girls in all Wales who acted as their hostesses.

British seamen were already aware of the charm of the Cardiff girls and had their own hostels.

Back in the city again the

next morning, I went to see the castle—a little disappointing, as are most ancient places which have been modernised. It is a very different place from that in which Duke Robert of Normandy, who should have been King of England, lay, blinded and a prisoner, for twenty-nine years.

Before his eyes were put out by his brother, the first King Henry, he looked out to the forest covering the Penarth promontory and wrote an ode in the Welsh style to an oak which stood there.

To-day, Penarth is the nearest seaside amusement ground for the Cardiff married man. Somehow the courting Cardiff man prefers the still lake and wooded tracts of Roath Park, within the city.

There is one sight as well-known to the Cardiff man as the docks and the City Centre. It is Caerphilly Mountain. It is his constant companion. He has only to lift his eyes to see it, fresh and inviting in summer weather, or lowering and dim in less pleasant days.

### TO TRAVELLERS' REST.

I followed in his footsteps—or rather, tyre tracks—in taking that winding road to its summit where, welcome to all, but most assuredly to the hiker, stands that old and delightful inn, "The Traveller's Rest."

Here, on a lawn above the sunken lane in which the inn nestles comfortably from the wrath of the greatest winds, you can drink your beer and let your eyes wander over the countryside and, beyond, to the sea.

Coming down from the mountains, I paid my respects to Llandaff Cathedral, ancient and interesting, though largely restored, raised my hat to learning in the shape of the University College of South Wales, and rejected the invitation held out by the National Museum of Wales—I am always acting like that in regard to museums—and so came, again, to the city's busy streets.

While Cardiff is the greatest coal-exporting port in the British Isles, and acts as a clearing house for the output of the Welsh mining areas, it has a great deal of other business on its hands.

In fact, it has at least ninety separate industries, mostly connected with the manufacture or

working of metals, but including the making of beer, jam, vinegar, and ice.

It is a virile city. And so are the people who walk in its streets. They walked, I noticed, as if they had some insistent concern on their minds. At first I imagined they might be composing odes for the next Eisteddfod, or that they worried over Wales' chances in the forthcoming International rugby match. It took me a long time to fathom their secret.

It is a thing that is on every Cardiff man's mind as he pursues his business in those bustling thoroughfares. It is this: "Have I got my pennies for the penny-in-the-slot tram?"

In Cardiff they have pay-as-you-enter tramcars — trying thing if you have to use them many times during the day.

They have something much more formidable—they share it with the rest of Wales. Their public houses are closed all day on Sunday.

Yet it is a friendly city—even to the foreigner from England. It has made, as I have mentioned, the people of many races at home within its bounds and it opens its arms to the seamen who give it its place among the great cities of Britain by feeding its arteries. But if you are a Swansea man you will do well not to stress the fact.



Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

Address :  
"Good Morning,"  
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# MR. BUCKET MAKES AN ARREST

From Dickens's "Bleak House"

MRS. BAGNET concludes that for such a case there is no remedy like a pipe; and, fastening the brooch herself in a twinkling, causes the trooper to be inducted into his usual snug place, and the pipes to be got into action. "If that don't bring you round, George," says she, "just throw your eyes across here at your present now and then, and the two together must do it."

"You ought to do it of your self," George answers; "I know that very well, Mrs. Bagnet. One way and another, the blues have got to be too many for me."

"My advice to you," returns Mrs. Bagnet, "is to light your pipe, and not tingle that way. It's wholesomer and comfortabler, and better for the health altogether."

"You're right," says the trooper, "and I'll do it!"

So he does it; though still with an indignant gravity that impresses the young Bagnets, and even causes Mr. Bagnet to defer the ceremony of drinking Mrs. Bagnet's health, always given by himself, on these occasions, in a speech of exemplary terseness.

But the young ladies, having composed what Mr. Bagnet is in the habit of calling "the mixtur," and George's pipe being now in a glow, Mr. Bagnet considers it his duty to proceed to the toast of the evening.

He addresses the assembled company in the following terms:

"George, Woolwich, Quebec, Malta. This is her birthday. Take a day's march. And you won't find such another. Here's toward her!"

The toast having been drunk with enthusiasm, Mrs. Bagnet returns thanks in a neat address of corresponding brevity.

This model composition is limited to the three words, "And wishing yours!" which the old girl follows

up with a nod at everybody in 'em down at the figures of about succession, and a well regulated eight and ten."

"You're very near, sir," says Mrs. Bagnet.

"I generally am near," returns Mr. Bucket, "being fond of children. A friend of mine has had nineteen of 'em, ma'am, all by one mother, and she's still as fresh and rosy as the morning. Not so much so as yourself, but, upon my soul, she comes near you. And what do you call these, my darling?" pursues Mr. Bucket, pinching Malta's cheek. "These are peaches, these are. Bless your heart! And what do you think about father? Do you think father could recommend a secondhand violincellar of a good tone for Mr. Bucket's friend, my dear? My name's Bucket. Ain't that a funny name?"

These blandishments have entirely won the family heart. Mrs. Bagnet forgets the day to the extent of filling a pipe and a glass for Mr. Bucket, and waiting upon him hospitably. She would be glad to receive so pleasant a character under any

circumstances, but she tells him that as a friend of George's she is particularly glad to see him this evening, for George has not been in his usual spirits."

"Not his usual spirits?" exclaims Mr. Bucket. "Why, I never heard of such a thing. What's the matter, George? You don't intend to tell me you've been out of spirits. What should you be out of spirits for? You haven't got anything on your mind, you know."

"Nothing particular," returns the trooper.

"I should think not," rejoins Mr. Bucket. "What could you have on your mind, you know? And have these pets got anything on their minds, eh? Not they; but they'll be upon the minds of some of the young fellows, some of these days, and make 'em precious low-spirited. I ain't much of a prophet, but I can tell you that, ma'am."

Mrs. Bagnet, quite charmed, hopes Mr. Bucket has a family of his own.

"There, ma'am," says Mr. Bucket. "Would you believe it? No, I haven't. My wife, and a lodger, constitute my family. Mrs. Bucket is as fond of children as

myself, and as wishful to have 'em; with a listening face that is particularly his own.

But the sun of his sociality soon recovers from this brief eclipse, and shines again.

"And this is brother, is it, my dears?" says Mr. Bucket, referring to Quebec and Malta for information on the subject of young Wool-Bucket. "I should have thought wick. And a nice brother he is—there might have been. Well, I half-brother, I mean to say. For don't know as I ever saw a back-he's too old to be your boy, yard that took my fancy more, ma'am."

"I can certify at all events that he is not anybody's else's," returns Mrs. Bagnet, laughing.

"Well, you do surprise me. Yet he's like you, there's no denying. Lord, he's wonderfully like you. But about what you may call the brow, you know, there his father comes out."

Mr. Bucket compares the faces with one eye shut up, while Mr. Bagnet smokes in stolid satisfaction.

This is an opportunity for Mrs. Bagnet to inform him that the boy is George's godson.

"George's godson, is he?" rejoins Mr. Bucket, with extreme cordiality. "I must shake hands over again with George's godson. Godfather and godson do credit to one another. And what do you intend to make of him, ma'am?"

Does he show any turn for any musical instrument?"

Mr. Bagnet suddenly interposes, "Plays the life beautiful."

(Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. Welkin is an Irish fairy, Scottish drink, the sky, Welsh cake, noise of the sea?
2. Which is longer, the Irish mile or the Scottish mile?
3. How should you play a piece of music marked crescendo?
4. How should you pronounce do.

5. Of what are the "woods" used in bowls made?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Field, Garden, Paddock, Orchard, Allotment, Park.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 700

1. Underground dwelling.
2. Ten.
3. Very slowly.
4. Boz-um.
5. Yew.
6. 261 does not contain three consecutive numbers; others

## I Get Around By DEREK HEBENTON

FOLLOWERS of the Worthing Football Club may know that their club won both the Sussex County League Wartime Cup and the Royal Ulster Rifles Cup this year when they beat Brighton and Hove Albion Juniors 3-1 in the last match of the season. They may know that the Mayor of the borough presented the cups to the team's skipper, Ron Sexton.

But what they probably won't know is that later the same day, Ron, Abe Duffield and other members of the team were round at the "Jolly Brewers" in Clifton Road, where the cups were filled to overflowing and passed round the room.

I still don't know how I happened to arrive at the right moment, but I did, and the health of the team was well and truly drunk.

★

DUNCAN McLEOD WRIGHT, ex-Olympic runner and Glasgow commercial traveller, is still going strong. His actual age is 48, but physically he is twenty years younger. He has amazed members of the medical profession who have submitted him to tests. Since 1917 he has kept fit by running. "The farther I go the easier it is," he says.

He has no special diet to help him keep in perfect training. But he often used to run and walk 100 miles a week, and even now thinks nothing of a 30-miles run on a Sunday. He estimates that in all he has run over 60,000 miles—three times round the world. To prove that he is still as good as ever he has run 10 miles 1,142 yards in an hour on a Glasgow sports track. His time beat a record he made on the same track twelve years ago when he was 36.

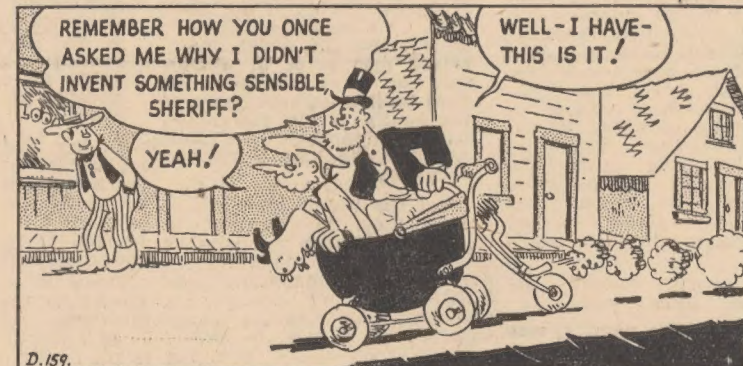
★

A SHORTAGE of rubber bathing caps is keeping British girls out of the water this year.

The shortage of caps is acute, and the girls just can't get them. Some London stores have had no caps on sale for the past two years, and suggest girls tie an oilskin or plastic scarf triangle fashion round their heads, but girls aren't having any. They don't want to spoil their hair.

I might add that they are still sun-bathing in the snappiest of swim-suits, with the accent this year on the two-piece costume. Hot weather is obviously anticipated!

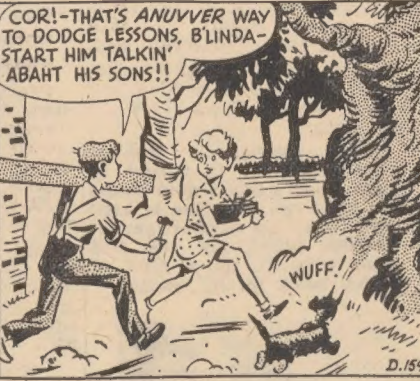
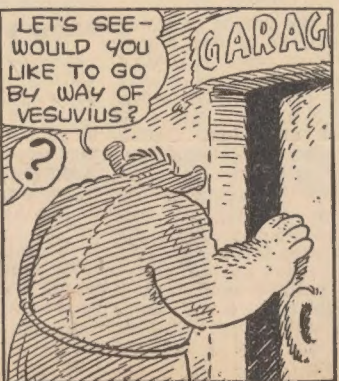
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 641

- 1. Behead a light weapon and get a lubricant.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Theefihrioleateoalty!
- 3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: LAMP into BULB.
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He is a very — man, and always — in the cheapest market.

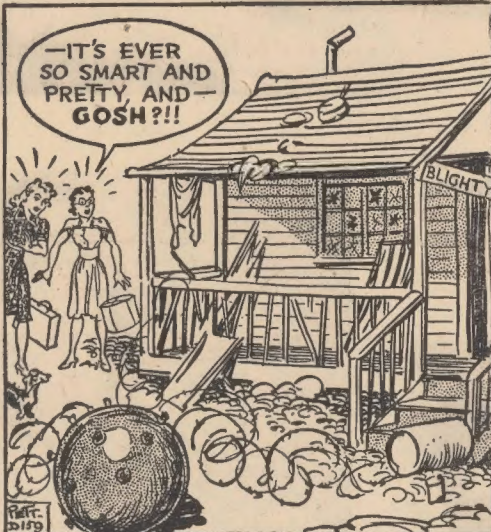
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 640

- 1. S-top.
- 2. I can't announce my own absence, can I?
- 3. MEAT, beat, beet, beer, seer, seep, step, STEW.
- 4. Bottled, blotted.

JANE



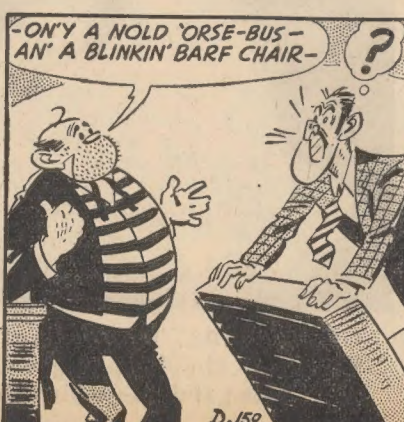
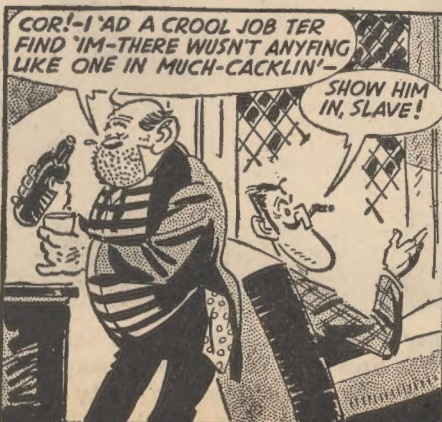
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



MR. BUCKET MAKES AN ARREST

(Continued from Page 2)

"Would you believe it, governor," says Mr. Bucket, struck by the coincidence, "that when I was a boy I played the life myself? Not in a scientific way, as I expect he does, but by ear. Lord, bless you. British Grenadiers—there's a tune to warm an Englishman up. Could you give us British Grenadiers, my fine fellow?"

Nothing could be more acceptable to the little circle than this call upon young Woolwich, who immediately fetches his fife and performs the stirring melody, during which performance Mr. Bucket, much enlivened, beats time, and never fails to come in sharp with the burden, "Brit-ish Gra-a-nadeers."

In short, he shows so much musical taste that Mr. Bagnet actually takes his pipe from his lips to express his conviction that he is a singer.

Mr. Bucket receives the harmonious impeachment so modestly, confessing how that he did once chaunt a little, for the expression of feeling of his own bosom, and with no presumptuous idea of entertaining his friends, that he is asked to sing.

Not to be behindhand in the sociality of the evening, he complies, and gives them, "Believe me if all those endearing young charms."

This ballad, he informs Mrs. Bagnet, he considers to have been his most powerful ally in moving the ear of Mrs. Bucket when a maiden, and inducing her to approach the altar—Mr. Bucket's own words are, to come up to scratch.

This sparkling stranger is such a new and agreeable feature in the evening, that Mr. George, who testified no great emotions

of pleasure on his entrance, begins, in spite of himself, to be rather proud of him.

He is so friendly, is a man of so many resources, and so easy to get on with, that it is something to have made him known there.

Mr. Bagnet becomes, after another pipe, so sensible of the value of his acquaintance, that he solicits the honour of his company on the old girl's next birthday.

If anything can more closely cement and consolidate the esteem which Mr. Bucket has formed for the family, it is the discovery of the nature of the occasion.

He drinks to Mrs. Bagnet with a warmth approaching rapture, engages himself for that day twelve-month more than thankfully, makes a memorandum of the day in a large black pocket-book with a girdle to it, and breathes a hope that Mrs. Bucket and Mrs. Bagnet

may before then become, in a manner, sisters.

As he says himself, what is public life without private ties?

He is in his humble way a public man, but it is not in that sphere that he finds happiness. No, it must be sought within the confines of domestic bliss.

It is natural, under these circumstances, that Mr. Bucket, in his turn, should remember the friend to whom he is indebted for so promising an acquaintance. And he does. He keeps very close to him.

Whatever the subject of the conversation, he keeps a tender eye upon him.

He waits to walk home with him. He is interested in his very boots, and observes even them attentively as Mr. George sits smoking cross-legged in the chimney corner. At length Mr. George rises to depart.

(To be concluded to-morrow)

THE CANARY AND THE COUPONS

IN the "Livestock Wanted" column of a Wallasey paper: "Nice parrot and singing canary wanted by widow. Good price and coupons given." Never mind about the money, how many coupons?

Alex Crack

From a policeman's report: "He was speechless drunk and using awful language."

Solution to Puzzle in No. 700.

- 1. t a P e r
- 2. o z O n e
- 3. t i M i d
- 4. c a M e l
- 5. e l E c t
- 6. m o R a l
- 7. p a N c h



Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!

THE RATEL.

THE Ratel looks like a small bear in a natty white cape. Is he restless? Always going places, is the Ratel.

Has a clumsy walk, a kind of lurch; you'd swear he'd been "hitting the bottle." Steals honey, and for that bees and Ratels are seldom on speaking terms.

When pursued can sink into the ground by the vigorous action of his powerful paws, giving his pursuer the impression he's been seeing things. Should his pursuer make the grade before the Ratel can manage this, he, the Ratel, lies on his back and tries to get his own back with tooth and claw. Some good it does him if his opponent is made of the right stuff.

Ratels can turn in their own skin. If you think this nothing, try it.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SEAL	GRAPES
CALICO	WENT
ASIDE	PLACE
RYE	NAY
C	NATURAL
EM	TIGER
ELEMENTS	X
HAY	ERE
OGRES	ERODE
ERIN	USURER
DECAMP	MEAT

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9			10			11	
12		13		14	15		
		16		17			
18	19			20		21	
		22		23			
24	25		26		27	28	
	29	30					
31	32			33		34	
35			36			37	
38				39			

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Scotch name. 5 Toes. 9 Hoot. 10 Aeon. 11 Success. 12 Man. 14 Musical instrument. 16 Fruit. 18 Bear. 20 Exceedingly. 22 Birds. 24 Nonsense. 26 Bit. 29 Keep on. 31 Degree. 33 Domain. 35 Pungent. 36 Female animal. 37 Interval. 38 Grip and jerk. 39 Dirge.

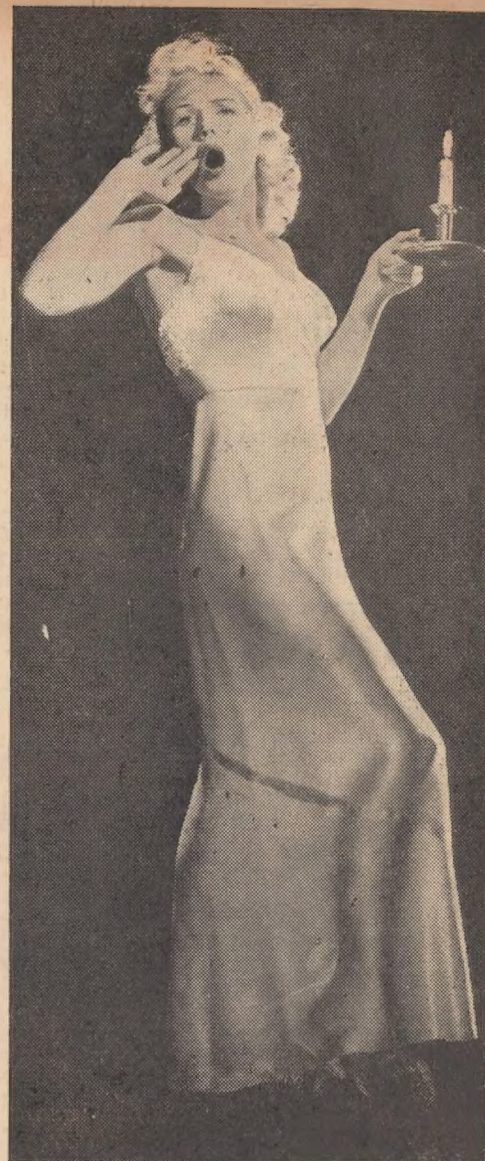
CLUES DOWN.—1 Diminish. 2 Incline. 3 Melon. 4 Use of irony. 5 Peaked head-gear. 6 Run after. 7 Family. 8 Yarn. 13 Tittered. 15 Contrary. 17 Appears. 19 Sergeant. 21 Deer. 23 Evening party. 24 Taut. 25 River-flood. 27 Platform. 28 Containing hard bits. 30 Smoke. 32 Rank. 34 Go slow.





## OTHER PEOPLE'S JOBS.

Here is a lumber team fording an Exmoor stream. A vast number of trees are being felled on the Molland Estate near Exmoor in North Devon, for making into railway sleepers. A big industry is growing up there.



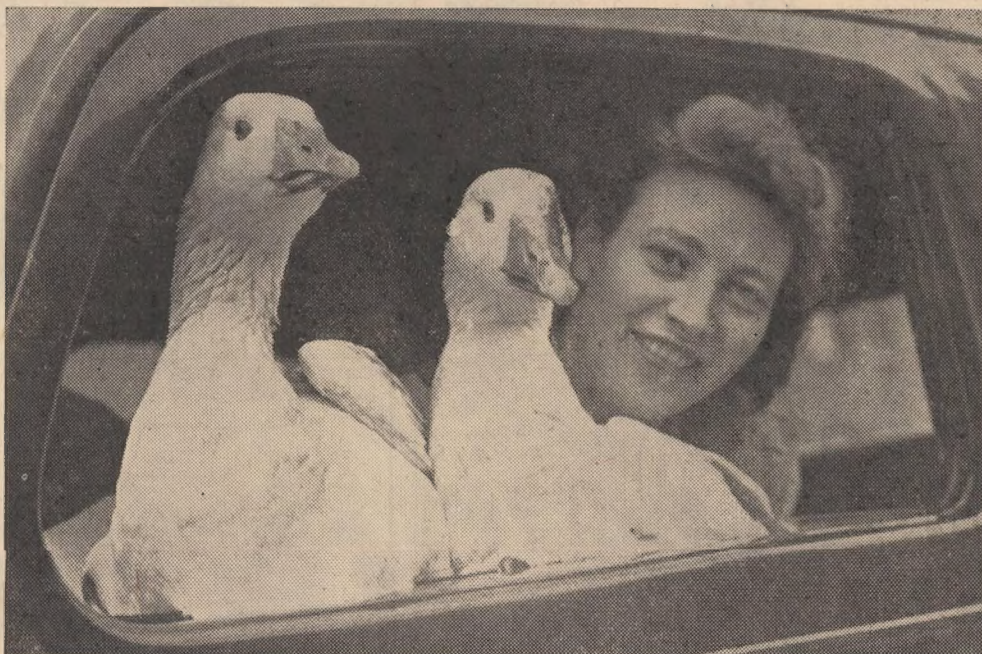
★ She's tired and she wants to go to bed—but, tired or not, there's nobody to hold a candle to 'sleepy-time girl' Virginia Mayo. Of course, we would like to hold the candle for her. ★



"I COULDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT—the blind was up and I couldn't get to sleep at all." "Why didn't you get up and draw the blind?" "Because the blind was on the other side of the street, you sap!"



She's just a lonesome babe-in-the-wood, is Gale Robbins. Which reminds us that it's high time those robins turned up to cover her knees with leaves.



**GOOSE GIRL.** It's market day and yet these geese still look happy! Reason is, they're pedigree geese and they're on their way to meet some nice ganders—which should make an enjoyable party all round.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Can't stop. On my way to meet a Prize Tom."

